

CHAPTER IV .- [CONTINUED.] "It is time. Go up and call Miss

Trenholme. Where is Imogene?" Even as she spoke Imogene Ireton stole among them, her eyes flashing, on the morning of the murder in the garher cheeks scarlet with some unwonted | den, on the eastern side of the house. excitement: yet Mrs. Trenholme noticed | He was pale and singularly agitated, that when she touched her hand it was cold as ice.

"My dear Imogene, you must go up and summon Marina."

Imogene put her hand to her forehead in a half-dazed way, then, instantly recovering, bowed slightly and passed up the stairs, followed by the three other bridesmaids, of whom Agnes was one.

They stopped before the door of Marina's chamber, Agnes knocked. There was no reply. She repeated the mother alone at the Rock. summons again and again, with a like result. Then she turned the knob, and the door swung open partially. Something lay behind it. Agnes stooped down to remove it, and started back pale as death, her hand dripping with | father, the honest old fisherman, went blood. For the obstacle was the bleeding body of Quito, the great black dog | eyes vacant, his voice broken, and his that for years had been Marina's faith- intellect verging fast upon imbecility. ful guardian in all her walks.

The four girls stepped into the room, and it was no wonder that they were which might tell at the approaching pallid as ashes, no wonder their limbs | trial-indeed his every energy seemed shock under them, and their frantic to be devoted to the work of bringing shricks rent the air.

the apartment, clad in her bridal believed him guilty, and, believing this, ing the life of a fellow creature. robes, sat Marina, the white, glisten- he said, sternly, to himself, he would ing silk spotted with crimson, the long, not hesitate to bring his own father propose to enter upon; they would be sweeping veil stained blood-red, and to the gallows! No, when he thought too tedious. The counsel on both sides over and above all, the sweet fragrance of Marina, so beautiful, so foully mur- was the best the state afforded, and their lands as booty to the Moslems, O to get well. Remember that nearly of orange flowers. Marina's head was dered, he forgot there was such a word the pleas were able and cloquent. But a little drooped, the blue eyes closed, as mercy-he only remembered ven- the defense amounted to very little. the face white as marble, the hands | geance, lightly clasped above her heart, from which the blood still came slowly. She was dead! Foully murdered!

every guest to the fatal chamberever reach her more.

said solemnly:

"Hear me swear it, here before God, Though the law may make him free, I she had changed. never will; but to the latest hour of his existence he shall feel the weight of my vengeance!"

Investigations were at once commenced. A strict guard was placed over | bosom and burst into sobs. the premises, and none of the guests were permitted to leave the house. A shrewd detective was brought up from the city, and the case left in his hands. And in the five hours he had satisfied did not know your love for-for her stantly, "Guilty!" himself with the facts he had discovered.

fingers upon the window sill—two very slender fingers, and just beneath the window on the carpet were several little globules of blood. A grapevine climbed nearly to the window on a strong trellis outside, and the bark marks of a man-very small tracks in- | bear it alone. I must have help!" deed for those of a man, yet such they evidently were. And still further, among the leaves of the vine, was found a blood-stained kid glove, and on the inside of the wrist was written the name of Lynde Graham!

Mr. Strickland, the detective, announced his discovery quietly in the library, in the presence of the whole wedding party.

Lynde Graham felt the charge-he knew then that he should be accused of the crime of murder. For a moment the scarlet flush of wounded pride dyed his fine face, and then he was himself again, calm and erect as usual.

Imogene Ireton had bent forward. and listened with quick breath and it, but his death upon the gallows will some wore clothes that looked so groflushed cheeks to the report of the de- kill me! I could not live and know tesque as to suggest Baxter street in tective, and when it was given she her face, leaving it like wax.

midnight. The boots of Lynde Graham | the best man that ever lived! You can of representatives at Washington was fitted exactly the tracks in the garden, save him! You can refuse to appear | badly dressed, but I had not seen the and bearing on the handle the initials of even the basest criminals! And he that every man whom I have heard stood behind the girl and stabbed her thought. He is innocent as the angels! a hatful of them, closely packed, whethas she sat in her chair, and then being Ralph, promise me that you will save er he was a tory, a unionist or a Gladattacked by the dog had plunged the him!" knife into him.

Go something toward bringing the guil- coldly and sternly. ty to justice. He was not dead, though / "Agnes, what possible interest can severely hurt, and every care was taken you take in that damnable murderer?" to save his life. He was an animal of "My brother! O Ralph! do not woman's temper isn't loaded.

wonderful sagacity, and Ralph felt certain that if he could be brought back to health he could make him instru-

strong that it fully warranted Mr. Strickland in arresting Dr. Graham upon the charge of the assassination of Marina Trenholme. At his examination before a justice, Graham refused to offer any plea whatever; he simply said he was innocent of the crime. Two of the old servants testified to having met the prisoner about half-past 9 and when one of them asked him if anything had gone wrong, he had pushed by him and hurried on.

Graham was committed to the county jail to await the convening of the Assizes on the first of November, when his final trial would take place.

and left Ralph and Agnes and their leave me!"

His poor old father and mother were and bolted the door upon her. nearly frantic with the dreadful turn affairs had taken, and before her boy had iain a week in prison, the feeble mother was dressed for the grave. His about slowly, his tall form bowed, his

A large part of Ralph's time was spent away, collecting any evidence condemnation on Lynde Graham, the There, in her arm-chair, midway in man he had once loved as a brother. He offend the majesty of the law by tak-

Since the terrible tragedy Agnes so e equent, will not change the minds Trenholme had not been herself. She of men upon whom such a chain of was restless, nervous-given to long startling facts had been impressed. The The cries of the bridesmaids brought fits of passionate weeping, at which evidence was sufficient to commit any times nothing could comfort her. Mrs. man, and those whom the sight of Ralph first of all. He gave one look, Trenholme attributed it to grief for Graham's handsome face had prejuthen flew to the side of the dead bride, the fearful death of her adopted sister, diced in his favor felt their preposeslifted her in his arms, pressed his lips and though she herself mourned the sion yielding gradually, and settling to hers, and called on her wildly to gentle girl, and was horrified beyond down at last upon the inevitable conawake and speak to him once more. measure at her tragic death, yet as the clusion that he was guilty. The only But in vain. No human voice could time passed, and Agnes only grew defense his counsel urged was the unmore and more depressed, she could blemished character of the prisoner He laid her down on the couch at not resist a little feeling of impatience and the lack of a motive to the crime. last, and raised her face slowly toward at her conduct. A few days before the He had nothing to gain by the death the awe-stricken spectators. Then, first of November, on which day Lynde of Marina Trenholme. He was not the lifting up his right hand to heaven, he Graham would be brought to trial, lady's lover that he should seek re-Agnes sought Ralph in the library.

He started at the sight of Agnes in private animosity to indulge, for the and in the presence of my murdered her white robes, and her face as white two families had always been the best bride, that I will spare no pains to bring as her dress, with the dark circles of friends. Where, then, was the mothe guilty to account, and once dis- around the great dilated, gray eyes. He tive? covered, I will hunt him to the death! had never noticed before how terribly The trial was virtually closed and the

troubles you."

her troubled eyes. "My dear sister, tell me what it

He lifted up her face and looked into

was so intense." "O, yes; I loved Marina. I did love There was the mark of two bloody her! Ralph, God knows she was dear to me as an own sister could have been. But it is not her death that is wearing me to the grave. No, no-not that!"

comfort you." "I must tell some one! I shall go was stripped from this vine in several | mad if I do not! Some women would places, indicating that the assassin had suffer it in silence-would die before escaped by that means. In the soft they would breathe the secret. But I earth, just under the treilis, were the am made of weaker stuff. I cannot

"Not that? Then tell me, and let me

"And I will give it to you, if it lies in my power, my poor Agnes," he said,

stroking her hair. "Oh, thank you! bless you! if you only mean it. Will you promise to help

me in my own way' to what I pledged myself."

life of Lynde Graham!"

her two hands.

despise me utterly! I love him!" she moaned, sinking to the floor and classing his knees.

"Love him!" he exclaimed, hoarsely; 'you love a murderer! a cowardly assassin! Agnes Trenholme, why did not God let you die before you sank so low? The son of a common fisherman -

and-" "Hush!" she said, sternly. "Do not speak of rank! You dared to love a woman without a name, and I honored you for ignoring birth and position. I love Lynde Graham because he is worthier of a woman's love than any man I ever saw! I have loved him for years. I cannot remember when every sweet thought of my heart was not interwoven with him. Love is not the child of wealth alone. It goes whither it is sent. And to me Lynde Graham is as royal as a prince of the realm!"

"And did he dare?-has he dared to ask your love?" Her face grew searlet, but she held

up her head proudly.

"He has dared nothing. He is blameless. He does not love me-does not even dream I care for him. He never even touched my hand unless his duty called him to render me assistance. I think his heart is Imogene Ireton's. But I have lived only in his presence -I only asked to be allowed to worship him afar off. O Ra'ph, save him! and in saving him, give peace to your wretched sister!"

"Agnes," he said, slowly and sternly, "by the side of the dead body of my murdered Marina I swore vengeance! That will I have! Neither men nor Marina was laid in the shady grave- devils shall prevent me! I believe yard where the Trenholmes had for Lynde Graham is guilty. And he shall generations been buried, and after the be proved so, and at the last shall funeral was over, the guests departed swing higher than Haman! There-

He put her forcibly into the corridor

CHAPTER V.



YNDE GRAHAM was brought before a jury of his countrymen to be tried for his life. The great courtroom was crowded. People had come from near and far to look upon the countenance of the man who had dared

The details of the trial we do not The simple plea of a lawyer, be he ever

jury went out to agree upon a ver-"My dear Agnes, tell me what dict. One could see by their hard-set faces that they were agreed already, She came slowly forward, and sink- but they felt some form necessary. ing at his feet, buried her face in his They were absent only a few moments. and when the usual question was put. "Mr. Foreman of the jury, do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" there was not a moment's means! I do not understand you. I hesitation. The man announced in-

venge, and he could have no personally

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE IN LONDON.

An Observing American Paints a Pen Picture of a Great City.

A New York business man, who is in England, has written a letter from London to one of his friends, which is

quoted by the Philadelphia Record. "I was in parliament when the liberal ministers threw up the sponge. There are many curious-looking Englishmen in the house of commons, and I never saw a more motley crowd. There were solemn-looking personages, wearing wigs; there were strange beings with bald heads and whiskers; there were red-haired and yellow-haired "Tell me the circumstances. It would men; there were 100 faces which Sig. be wrong to promise without knowing Lombroso ought to put in a book. Three-fourths of the members were "I want you to promise to spare the their hats in the house, mostly stovepipes and derbies. Nearly all of them His face grew black, he opened his were clumsily clad. Some wore-ill-fitmouth to speak, but she covered it with | ting dress suits, others cutaways; many had sack coats of all colors, and but "Only her me out, Ralph. You shall few had stylish clothes. Lots of them not deny me yet. I will hope a little had trousers that were too short or longer. It is shame for me to confess were too long or very slouchy, while that while I breathed he was yielding New York or Petticoat lane in London. drew back and the color faded out of up his precious life at the end of the So much for my first impression of the terrible rope! the spectacle of a jeer- first assembly of gentlemen in the Further facts were developed before ing crowd. He, the noblest, the purest, world. I used to think that the house and just without the garden gate was against him-I know there are ways British House of Commons. As for found a surgeon's knife blood-stained by which men prevent the conviction brains of parliament,, it seems to me "L. G." Evidently the murderer had is not guilty! He never had such a speak during my four visits to it had stonian. The speeches in the House of He rose to his feet, lifting her up Commons are not in the nature of rant, Perhaps the brute might be able to also; and looking down into her face but are rather plain and direct state-

A man never thinks but once that a

THE CRY OF ARMENIA.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES OF SULTAN'S OPPRESSION.

The Chief Men of the Nation Listen to Hear the Celebrated Divine on the Greatest Crime of All Ages-Monroe Doctrine.



ASHINGTON, D. ted and one Mohammedan was present, C., Jan. 12, 1896. It the testimony of the one Mohammedan was appropriate would be taken and the testimony of that in the presence | the fifty Armenians rejected; in other of the chief men of | words, the solemn oath of a thousand this nation and Armenians would not be strong enough other nations, Dr. to overthrow the perjury of one Moham-Talmage should tell the story of Armenian massacre. What will be the extent for good of

such a discourse none can tell. The text was, 2. Kings 19: 37: "They escaped into the land of Armenia."

In Bible geography this is the first time that Armenia appears, called then by the same name as now. Armenia is chiefly a table-land, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and on one of its peaks Noah's ark landed, with its human family and fauna that were to fill the earth. That region was the birth-place of the rivers which fertilized the Garden of Eden when Adam and Eve lived there, their only roof in the most solemn hour that ever the crystal skies, and their carpet the emerald of rich grass. Its inhabitants, the ethnologists tell us, are a superior type of the Causasian race. Their religion is founded on the Bible. Their Saviour is our Christ. Their crime is that they would not become followers of Mahomet, that Jupiter of sensuality. To drive them from the face of the earth is the ambition of the Mohammedans. To accomplish this, murder is no crime, and wholesale massacre is a matter of enthusiastic approbation and governmental reward. The prayer sanctioned by highest Mohammedan authority, and recited every day throughout Turkey and Egypt, while styling all those not Mohammedans as infidels, is as follows: "O Lord of all creatures: O Allah! Destroy the Infidels and Polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah! Make their children orphans and defile their bodies; cause their feet to slip; give them and their families, their house- of their misery. No wonder that the holds and their women, their children. I physicians of that region declared that and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their poscessions and the race, their wealth and Lord of all creatures!" Armenian in the presence of those who make that prayer is of no more value than the life of a summer insect. The Sultan of Turkey sits on a throne impersonating that brigandage and assassination. At this time all civilized nations are in horror at the attempts of that Mohammedan government to destroy all the Christians of Armenia. I hear somebody talking as though some new thing were happening, and that the Turkish government had taken a new role of tragedy on the stage of nations. No, no! She is at the same old business. Overlooking her diabolism of other centuries, we come down to our century to find that in 1822 the Turkish government slew 50,060 anti-Moslems. and in 1850 she slew 10,000, and in 1860 she slew 11,000, and in 1876 she slew 10.000. Anything short of the slaughter of thousands of human beings does not put enough red wine into her cup of abomination to make it worth quaffing. Nor is this the only time she has promised reform. In the presence of the warships at the mouth of the Dardanelles, she has promised the civilized nations of the earth that she would stop her butcheries, and the international and hemispheric farce has been enacted of believing what she says, when all the past ought to persuade us that she is only pausing in her atrocities to put nations off the track and then resume the work of death. In 1820 Turkey, in treaty with Russia, promised to alleviate the condition of Christians, but the promise was broken. In 1839 the then Sultan promised protection of life and property without reference to religion, and the promise was broken. In 1844, at the demand of an English minister plenipotentiary the Sultan declared, after the public execution of an Armenian at Constantinople, that no such death penalty should again be inflicted, and the promise was broken. In 1850, at the demand of foreign nations, the Turkish government promised protection to Protestants, but to this day the Protestants at Stamboul are not allowed to build a church, although they have the funds ready, and the Greek Protestants. who have a church, are not permitted to worship in it. In 1856, after the Crimean war, Turkey promised that no one should be hindered in the exercise of the religion he professed, and that promise has been broken. In 1878, at the memorable treaty of Berlin, Turkey pomised religious liberty to all her subjects in every part of the Ottoman empire, and the promise was broken. Not once in all the centuries has the Turkish government kept her promise of mercy. So far from any improvement, the condition of the Armenians has become worse and worse year by year, and all the promises the Turkish government now makes are only a gaining of time by which she is making preparation for the complete extermi- Barton, who appeared on the battlenation of Christianity from her borders, fields of Fredericksburg, Antietam, Why, after all the national and con- Falmouth, and Cedar Mountain, and

fifteen years' imprisonment for rescuing a Christian bride fom the bandits. This is the way the Turkish government amuses itself in time of peace. These are the delights of Turkish civilization. But when the days of massacre come, then deeds are done which may not be unveiled in any refined assemblage, and if one speaks of the horrors, he must do so in well-poised and cautious vocabulary. Hundreds of villages destroyed! Young men put in piles of brushwood, which are then saturated with kerosene and set on fire! Mothers, comes in a woman's life, hurled out and bayonetted! Eyes gouged out, and dead and dying hurled into the same pit! The slaughter of Lucknow and Cawapore, India, in 1857, eclipsed in ghastliness! The worst scenes of the French revolution in Paris made more tolerable in contrast! In many regions of Armenia the only undertakers tolay are the jackals and hyenas. Many of the chiefs of the massacres were sent straight from Constantinople to do their work, and having returned, were decorated by the Sultan. To four of the worst murderers the Sultan sent silk banners, in delicate appreciation of their services. Five hundred thousand Armenians put to death or dying of starvation! This moment, while I speak, all up and down Armenia sit many people, freezing in the ashes of their destroyed homes, bereft of most of their households, and awaiting the club of assassination to put them out among all the men and women that were down with wounds and sickness and under their care, not one wanted all the reports that have come to us of the Turkish outages have been manipulated and modified and softened by the Turks themselves. The story is not half told, or a hundredth part told, or a thousandth part told. None but God and our suffering brothers and sisters in that far-off land know the whole story, and it will not be known until, in the coronations of heaven. Christ shall lift to a special throne of glory these heroes and heroines, saying, 'These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb!" My Lord and my God! thou didst on the cross suffer for them, but thou, surely, Oh Christ! wilt not forget how much they have suffered for thee! I dare not deal in imprecation, but I never so much enjoyed the imprecatory songs of David as since I have heard how those Turks are treating the Armenians. The fact is Turkey has got to be divided up among other nations. Of course the European nations must take the chief part, but Turkey ought to be compelled to pay America for the American mission buildings and American school-houses she has destroyed, and to support the wives and children of the Americans ruined by this wholesale butchery. When the English lion and the Russian ear put their paws on that Turkey the American eagle ought to put in its bill. But what is the duty of the hour? Sympathy, deep, wide, tremendous, immediate! A religious paper, The Christian Herald, of New York, has led the way with munificent contributions collected from its subscribers. But the Turkish government is opposed to any relief of the Armenian sufferers, as I personally know. Last August, before I had any idea of Lecoming a fellowcitizen with you Washingtonians, \$50,-000 for Armenian relief was offered to me if I would personally take that relief to Armenia. My passage was to be engaged on the City of Paris, but a telegram was sent to Constantinople, asking if the Turkish government would grant me protection on such an errand of mercy. A cablegram said the Turkish government wished to know to what points in Armenia I desired to go with that relief. In our reply, four cities were named, one of them the scene of what had been the chief masascre. A cablegram came from Constantinople saying that I had better send the money to the Turkish government's mixed commission, and they would distribute it. So a cobweb of spiders proposed a relief committee for unfortunate flies! Well, a man who would start up through the mountains of Armenia with \$50,000 and no government protection would be guilty of monumental foolhardiness. The Turkish government has in every possible way hindered Armenian relief. Now where is that angel of mercy, Clara tinental and hemispheric lying on the | under the blaze of French and German part of the Turkish govenment, do not | guns at Metz and Paris and in Johnsas is possible to the palaces of Constan- quake, and Michigan fires, and Rusment to atoms? In the name of the little importance that the German em-Eternal God, let the nuisance of the peror decorated her with the Iron ages be wiped off the face of the earth! | Cross, for God hath decorated her in tween these outbreaks of massacre the Born in a Masaschusetts village she obtained, possibly 5,000.

Armenians suffer in silence wrongs that came in her girlhood to this city to serve our government in the patent ofare seldom if ever reported. They are fice, but afterward went forth from taxed heavily for the mere privilege of the doors of that Patent Office, living, and the tax is called "the huwith a Divine patent signed and miliation tax." They are compelled to sealed by God himself, to heal all the give three days' entertainment to any wounds she could touch, and make the Mohammedan tramp who may be passherrors of the flood, and fire, and ing that way. They must pay blackmail plague, and hospital fly her presence. to the assessor, lest he report the value God bless Clara Barton! Just as I exof their property too highly. Their pected, she lifts the banner of the Red evidence in court is of no worth, and if Cross. Turkey and all nations are fifty Armenians saw a wrong commitpledged to respect and defend that Red Cross, although that color of cross does not, in the opinion of many, stand for Christianity. In my opinion it does stand for Christianiay, for was not the cross under which most of us worship red with the blood of the son of God, red with the best blood that was ever shed, medan. A professor was condemned to red with the blood poured out for the death for translating the English Book ransom of the world? Then lead on, of Common Prayer into Turkish. Seventeen Armenians were sentenced to oh, Red Cross! and let Clara Barton carry it! The Turkish government is bound to protect her, and the charlots of God are twenty thousand, and their charioteers are angels of deliverance, and they would all ride down at once to roll over and trample under the hoofs of their white horses any of her assailants. May the five hundred thousand dollars she seeks be laid at her feet! Then may the ships that carry her across Atlantic and Mediterranean seas be guided safely by him who trod into sapphire pavement bestormed Galilee! Upon soil incarnadined with martyrdom let the Red Cross be planted, until every demolished village shall be rebuilded, and every pang of hunger be fed, and every wound of cruelty be healed, and Armenia stand with as much liberty to serve God in its own way as in this, the best land of all the earth, we, the descendants of the Puritans and Hollanders, and Huguenots, are free to worship the Christ who came to set all nations free!

It has been said that if we go over there to interfere on another continent. that will imply the right for other nations to interfere with affairs on this continent, and so the Monroe doctrine be jeopardized. No, no! President Cleveland expressed the sentiment of every intelligent and patriotic American when he thundered from the White House a warning to all nations, that there is not an acre or one inch more of ground on this continent for any transatlantic government to occupy. And by that doctrine we stand now and shall forever stand. But there is a doctrine as much higher than the Monroe doctrine as the heavens are higher than the earth, and that is the doctrine of humanitarianism and sympathy and Christian helpfulness which one cold December midnight, with loud and multitudinous chant, awakened the shepherds. Wherever there is a wound it is our duty, whether as individuals or as nations, to balsaf it. Wherever there is a knife of assassination lifted it is our duty to ward off the blade. Wherever men are persecuted for their religion it is our duty to break that arm of power, whether it be thrust forth from a Potestant church or a Catholic cathedral or a Jewish synagogue or a mosque of Islam. We all recognize the right on a small scale. If going down the road, we find a ruffian maltreating a child, or a human brute insulting a woman, we take a hand in the contest if we are not cowards, and though we be slight in personal presence, because of our indignation we come to weigh about tons, and the harder we punish the villain the louder our conscience applauds us. In such case we do not keep our hands in our pockets, arguing that if we interfere with the brute the brute might think he would have a right to interfere with us, and so jeopardize the Monroe doctrine. The fact is that that persecution of the Armenians by the Turks must be stopped, or God Almighty will curse all Christendom for its damnable indifference and apathy.

ODDS AND ENDS.

At the Odeon theater in Paris 600 manuscript plays are received and read every year.

A man named Durand has won a bet at Marseilles by standing on a pedestal in a public place for four consecutive weeks. He was nearly exhausted after the performance and may not recover.

Poet's corner in Westminster abbey is hidden from the outside by a block of old houses. These are to be torn down next summer as a precaution against fire, thus allowing the architecture of the chapel of Henry VII. and the old Chapter house to be seen from that side.

"La Princesse Lointaine," a four-act play in verse by M. Rostaud, is the latest novelty produced by Sarah Bernhardt at the Paris Renaissance theater. It is founded on the story of the troubadour, Geffroy Rudel, who fell in love with the princess of Tripoli from the fame of her beauty and died on coming into her presence.

A Frenchman must still obtain the consent of his parents if he wishes to marry. The chamber of deputies has rejected a proposal of Abbe Lemire to dispense with the consent when the man is 25 and the woman 21, but passed another doing away with the necessity for the grandparents' consent when the parents are dead.

M. Dieulafoy, the explorer of Persia, has carefully examined the valley of Rephaim, south of Jerusalem, where David crushed the Philistines. He finds that the bible account of the battle is accurate and that David's tactics show the highest military capacity and were like those of Frederick the Great at Mollwitz and Rossback and of Napoleon at Austerlitz.

A shaft into the bowels of the earth is proposed by M. Paschal Grousset as the sensation for the exposition of 1900. His plan is an inversion of the idea of the Eiffel tower. Elevators will carry the public down the shaft. At intervals there will be restaurants and concert rooms, decorated so as to harmontinople and blow that accursed govern- sian famine? It was comparatively of ize with the temperature, which will increase with the depth, as far as 2,100 feet below the surface. Beyond that point, as the heat will be too great for comfort, a narrower shaft is to be Down to the perdition from which it | the sight of all nations with a glory | driven, for scientific purposes only, to smoked up, sink Mohammedanism! Be- that neither time nor eternity can dim. | a depth greater than has ever yet been